

SLOPE'S HERMIT LADY INSANE

MISS WILLIAMS LIVED FOR YEARS IN A SHACK.

Her Brooklyn Neighbors Got Used to Her Quaint and Disorderly Ways—Was Reported Rich, but No Gold Was Found in Her Dwelling—Stories Told of Her.

The queerest old lady that Wall Street ever knew has been taken to the Long Island State Hospital for the Insane where her greatest trial is being depicted of her seclusion, which was the only finery she permitted herself and which she wore day and night for many years.

She has property that may be worth \$50,000, part of it in four safe deposit vaults, but she lived in a shack of broken windows and superlative unkemptness, refused to cash in her dividend checks and because she could never turn a milk bottle out of doors was surrounded by about a thousand of them when she had to be taken away to the hospital.

She is Miss Jane Perkins Williams, 75 years old, long regarded by the people of Brooklyn's Park Slope as a miser and a puzzle beyond solution. The little two story frame house that she owned and lived in for twenty-five years at 452 Prospect avenue is known in the neighborhood as "The Hovel." Boys throw stones through its windows, so she covered them with shutters that long since lost their paint. The shutters being broken too, she put wire grating over them.

Children sat on her doorstep many years ago, but Miss Perkins found a way to end that. She had a stone wall built right across the step, flush with the sidewalk, so high that her own goings and comings being interfered with by the wall she climbed over it. Even at 75 years of age she has been scrambling over that wall to get into or out of the house.

Within the shack is as dark as a cave. Miss Williams didn't care, for candles, which gave the only light she knew, were cheap and old fashioned. There are three little rooms on the ground floor and three little rooms in the attic second story. For at least twenty years, so the neighbors said yesterday, no one except Miss Williams saw these rooms, for she let nobody but herself cross the threshold. If there was an errand she couldn't do herself she called from the doorway. Children did bits of marketing for her and got a cent or two.

Every room is a waste of dusty newspapers and unopened letters. She read the market news in every paper she could get hold of and never threw away the paper. Letters she opened if the envelope looked interesting. The others she piled on chairs, tables, ancient dressers and the piano.

At least she had a piano, an odd square one which she played on years ago, when she sang "The Old Oaken Bucket" in a voice that was clear and gentle; but the instrument is now at the bottom of such a pile of papers, letters and a myriad of other pieces of rubbish that Agent H. C. Babcock of the State Lunacy Commission, who went to the shack on Saturday to get a clue to the whereabouts of her safe deposit boxes, couldn't find it.

She slept in the hall on a pallet that need not be described. Around it are more newspapers and milk bottles. She cooked on a wobbly, rusty stove. She slept days and wrote nights—wrote among other things an open letter wanting to know why the city had sent her a bill for her water tax when she had paid it and had the receipt.

Sometimes in the night she opened her door and walked the Park Slope by crying out that some one was trying to burn her home. Once she alarmed the neighbors with the additional information that a man had come in and tied her with a rope, but eventually they got used to her harmless delusions.

There was a time when she used to leave home every day and when she returned she would say that she had been over to Wall Street to look after her investments. She said Henry Clegg was her business man and adviser, and relatives said yesterday she had bought stocks through Mr. Clegg for many years.

In her shack Mr. Babcock found several bankbooks showing small balances and receipts proving that she has or did have four safe deposit boxes, two in Manhattan, one in Albany and one in Brooklyn. In his search in behalf of the State Lunacy Commission Mr. Babcock had to look into a number of musty letters that Miss Williams had never opened. Some of them contained requests from corporations that she cash accumulated dividend checks.

The New York, Ontario and Western Railroad, for instance, wanted to know why she didn't cash seven checks for dividends it had sent her.

Of course the neighbors always vowed that Miss Jane Perkins Williams had hundreds of thousands of dollars hidden in her tumble-down house—maybe a million, or two millions, like so on. But Mr. Babcock found was a row of to-morrow cans on a shelf. One can contain Lincoln cents, another nickels and another was stuffed full of 25 cent tin plaques. The entire contents of this home-made cash register were only a few dollars.

A neighbor said yesterday that Frederick Sanford, an electrical engineer, who is a nephew of Miss Williams, told her that Miss Williams might possibly be worth \$50,000 or \$60,000.

About six weeks ago Miss Williams became so ill that she asked Mrs. Gallagher, who lives across the street at 455 Prospect avenue, to carry her to the Gallagher home. After two days there she was transferred, at her own request, to the home of George Lawson, at 458 Prospect avenue, near the shack.

She was wearing regular masquerade clothes when she came to us. Mrs. Lawson said yesterday, "and over them a seersucker and that seersucker coat. About her arms and ankles were hundreds of thin strands of the sort she used to wrap her stars of letters in. She wouldn't let a doctor or a nurse. Once she said 'Love's Young Dream' very sweetly. She talked softly, when not excited, and was gentle woman, even if she did live so.

cause I wouldn't give her any hot milk. Poor soul!

"Well, a doctor said she was insane. She was taken to the Kings County Hospital for observation and then was committed to the State hospital. Maybe she is insane, but my! she's shrewd."

Miss Williams is the daughter of John Williams, an Albany tea merchant, who left an estate of about \$6,000 when he died years ago. The money was willed to her, but a sister contested the will in a fight that wandered through court after court and is said to have been ended after twenty years or so by the death of the sister. The contest killed two judges. Miss Williams used to tell Mrs. Lawson. When the \$6,000 was finally hers she wouldn't touch it. It is still in an Albany bank, drawing interest.

In 1903, a few days after Lawyer Benjamin Chadey disappeared, Miss Williams had this advertisement printed:

Miss Jane Perkins Williams, twenty-seven years in Wall Street, medicinal doses, asks Benjamin Franklin Chadey to turn State's evidence on seven other lawyers, all worse than himself. Miss Williams holds the legal papers and is promised a military protection. Her life-long address is P. O. box 257, Albany, N. Y.

In all those years, so it is said, Miss Williams never let anybody in the financial district know her real address. She had a rubber stamp made bearing the text of the foregoing advertisement. There were newspaper clippings in the house yesterday bearing it in red ink on the margins.

When Miss Williams was at Mrs. Lawson's she called frequently for "Caleb," meaning Caleb K. Colby, a friend for fifty years. He sells watches at 7 Maiden lane and lives at 323 President street, Brooklyn. Mr. Colby says the only relatives of Miss Williams, so far as he knows, are Mrs. Sarah Young, also of 323 President street, a first cousin; Miss Darlington, a niece, and the nephew, Frederick Sanford.

In 1908 Miss Williams was quoted as saying that she went into Wall Street after the panic of 1873, bought stocks at their lowest and in six months made \$600,000 out of nothing.

"Instead of getting out then as my friends suggested," she said, "I stayed in until all my profits were wiped out. I held on to some of my stocks for twenty years. Finally the great boom came under the McKinley Administration and I sold them at the very highest point of the market."

She said also that her Wall Street friends were especially good to her because they helped to save her from kidnappers who were trying to put her in an insane asylum—she who had known what she was about every moment since the days when she used to eat peanuts on the old Capitol steps at Albany sixty years ago.

MISSIONARIES IN PERIL.

Tangier Anxious About Americans Among Fanatics at Mequenez.

TANGIER, April 30.—Uneasiness is felt here for the safety of the American missionaries at Mequenez, which is notoriously fanatical even at the best of times. Rioting followed the proclaiming of Mulla Zeen as Sultan, and several were killed. There has been no news since last Monday.

SAMARITAN ARRESTED.

Salvation Army Evangelist Says He Was Only Helping an Injured Woman.

Policeman Cohen arrested Ernest Kiehlberg, a Salvation Army evangelist, in Broadway near Fourteenth street at 9:30 o'clock last night. The policeman told, Magistrate Freschi in night court that Kiehlberg's operations in the street had drawn a crowd so large that a woman had been hurt, and that Kiehlberg had refused to move on when ordered. The evangelist said that he had seen the woman knocked down by a trolley car and was helping her when arrested.

Magistrate Freschi discharged Kiehlberg after asking the policeman sharply whether he had ever been a witness for the railway in a damage suit. Cohen said he hadn't.

TUG AT HER RING AWOKE HER.

She Screamed, but the Mix Foot Robber Got Away.

Shortly before 2 o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Lucy Skall of 39 East Twenty-first street, Bayonne, was awakened by somebody tugging at her left hand, on the third finger of which she wore a diamond ring.

She saw a man nearly 6 feet tall and wearing dark clothes and a brown soft hat bending over her and trying to tear the ring from her finger. Mrs. Skall screamed and awakened her husband and son.

Giving a final tug at the ring, which fitted too tightly to pass over the knuckle, the thief ran down stairs and out a rear door, with Skall and his son in pursuit. The thief got away.

SAVED A MILE FROM SHORE.

Two Captured Fishermen Rescued by Atlantic City Surf Crew.

TREASURY AGENTS' MYSTERY.

SWARM OF SLEUTHS MEET STEAMSHIP AND SEIZE BONES.

Dealer in Old Gold, With Mrs. Malvina Drummond's Address, and His Wife and Daughter on the New York Under Scrutiny—The Two Women Retained.

The Treasury agents have a case in hand about which a good deal of mystery was made yesterday and which may possibly have some relation to Mrs. Malvina Drummond's lost \$130,000 pearl necklace, but probably has not. Mrs. Drummond's name and address were found on a dealer in second hand jewelry, old gold and antiques, who went to the pier to meet the American liner New York when she got in last night.

Two fearful women, Mrs. Kate and Miss Bessie Jacobs, who arrived in the second cabin of the New York and who said they were mother and daughter, were locked up in their staterooms all night, with a customs inspector watching outside their door. They are residents of this city but of alien birth, and that is why they will be taken this morning to Ellis Island while the packing cases, boxes and other baggage they brought over with them are opened and examined in the Appraiser's Stores.

Surveyor Henry, who had charge of the force of detectives and special agents that greeted the Jacobs women, said he could disclose nothing about the case until to-day, but there was a pretty general impression on the pier that the charge against the women, which will also involve others in business in this city, related to the contents of the packing cases. Nobody in authority would give an inkling as to the nature of the contents.

Among the Government officers who went down the bay to meet the New York were two special Treasury agents, one being Hoge of Washington. They took Mrs. Jacobs and her daughter into their stateroom and questioned them thoroughly. At the pier Gen. Henry, Deputy Surveyor John T. Rankiewicz, acting Deputy Surveyor Isaac Harris, two Central Office detectives and two more special agents lent assistance in trying to prove the Jacobs women guilty of something that nobody would tell anything about.

David R. Jacobs of 208 East Eighteenth street, who said he was the father of Bessie Jacobs and the husband of Mrs. Kate Jacobs, made an effort to see the women after they had been permitted to leave the ship and come down on the pier, but he was not allowed to do so. The permit that David R. Jacobs had obtained to get into the customs lines read "Pass Jacobs and one," and as passes are usually not given to the friends of second cabin passengers it is surmised that Jacobs was allowed to have a pass for reasons best known to the customs men.

When Surveyor Henry went up to Jacobs and said he would like to have a private talk with him Jacobs got indignant and wanted to know by what authority. The Surveyor showed his gold badge. Jacobs then got a trifle nervous and called to a man who had obtained admission to the lines under the name of Harris, but whom Jacobs addressed as "Brown." Brown also was taken into the Surveyor's net. Both men were taken into a room on the pier and examined. Two young women who were outside the lines, but who made it manifest that they were anxious to see their mother and their sister, were invited within the enclosure and taken before the Surveyor. They also were questioned and permitted to go on their promise to appear at the Custom House this morning.

Jacobs is a dealer in second hand jewelry, old gold and antiques. There was found on him the address at the Ritz-Carlton of Mrs. Drummond, who lost her \$130,000 pearl necklace on the Hamburg liner Amerika. He said that he had never met Mrs. Drummond and had no address under that name, but that he might be able to sell her something. He said he knew nothing about the pearls.

After being searched he was released with orders to report at the Custom House to-day. He said to the reporters: "My wife went to London for her health about a year ago. I recently received anonymous letters from friends in the Custom House warning me that I would get into trouble if I failed to declare everything she brought in. I called to her in a code we use to declare everything. She did so. All that she has that is valuable is about \$200 worth of jewelry and trinkets. The customs men searched me and took away all my papers."

The only results of the questioning of Mrs. Jacobs and her daughter Bessie were denials of everything and tears. They were taken back aboard the ship and searched by two inspectors, Mrs. Darragh and Mrs. Walsh. No one would tell the result of the search, but it is supposed to have yielded something, as the women were immediately locked up in their rooms. Mrs. Jacobs and the daughter that came with her were well dressed, but the daughters who were at the pier to greet them were very plainly attired. The seized baggage consists of three packing cases about four feet square and very heavy, three large pasteboard hat boxes, a smaller hat box and a heavy suitcase to which a shawl was strapped. They were sealed before they were sent to the Appraiser's Stores.

The packing cases that Mrs. Jacobs brought with her bore a German label, but they were shipped from London to Southampton and there put aboard the New York. Mrs. Jacobs, as she knew she must, declared exactly what she had in the cases and the rest of her baggage, and her husband expected to pay duty on everything. Jacobs was still aboard the ship with his wife and daughter late last night.

RUSSIAN MISS HAUSHAM.

Princess Shit Herself Up for 20 Years Like Dickens's Famous Character.

St. Petersburg, April 30.—The Princess Shchavinskaya died here to-day after twenty years of voluntary seclusion in two rooms of the palace at Moscow, to which she retired after the death of her betrothed on the eve of the wedding. An autopsy disclosed the fact that death was due to starvation. Notes and coin amounting to \$500,000 were found in her rooms.

BRIEBRY SCANDAL IN OHIO.

Men Arrested for Offering Bribes Prove to Have Been Detectives.

COLUMBUS, April 30.—The Burns detectives arrested here last night as lobbyists practicing bribery in connection with efforts to defeat the women's nine hour bill and the bill to admit foreign mutual insurance companies were released early this morning and then their identity became known, as well as the fact that they had been employed by the Ohio Manufacturers Association to defeat the bills.

They had been arrested at the instance of the George H. Nye, a representative from Pike county, who said that they had paid him bribes. He had accepted them for purposes of bringing about their conviction, so it was announced by Speaker Vining.

However, after the arrests it became known that the detectives had worked their game at the instance of the Manufacturers Association, which objected to being held up to get bills through or to defeat others. With a dictaphone concealed in the hotel room beneath a couch they had discussed bribery with certain legislators and concealed stenographers had taken down the conversation. The Grand Jury has been in session with witnesses sworn to secrecy. A big bunch of indictments is expected this week and an investigation by a legislative committee also is talked of, although efforts will be made to prevent this.

F. S. Harrison of New York, one of the detectives, issued a statement to-night in which he named four prominent Senators who have been known as reactionary because of their attitude against important bills, particularly those proposed by Gov. Harmon.

D. H. Berry and A. C. Bailey of Chicago were the other two detectives arrested. They say their seizure was concocted to offset the effect of indictments expected. Predictions are made that a score of legislators will be indicted on bribery charges.

FIRE: INSURED; ARRESTED.

Fire Marshal Makes a Prisoner of Nathan Epstein, Clothing Maker.

Nathan Epstein, a clothing manufacturer living at 347 Van Siclen avenue, Brooklyn, was arrested yesterday by Assistant Fire Marshal Willis of Manhattan and detectives. It is charged that he was responsible for the fire which burned out his place of business at 39 and 41 Walker street, Manhattan, on the night of February 15.

The assistant marshal says that a previous fire in Epstein's looked suspicious and that he told Epstein it was due to a defective stove, which must be fixed. Two weeks later came the fire that gutted three stories in the five story brick building and for which, it is said, Epstein recovered \$20,000 insurance. He swore at the time that the stove was at fault again, but discharged employees of his are said to have sworn otherwise. Epstein is held in \$5,000 bond for examination on Tuesday.

NO MAY DAY MANIFESTATIONS.

French Government Brings in Ten Regiments to Hold Down Paris.

PARIS, April 30.—As usual there is much talk of May day labor manifestations here to-morrow. The general labor confederation had organized four parades, from which it was proposed to have processions to the Place de la Concorde and the Esplanade des Invalides. But the Government, from which the confederation had hoped better things after its determined efforts to compel the railways to reinstate dismissed strikers, forbade assemblies on the ground that the organizers were unable to guarantee that outside anarchistic elements would not seize the opportunity of making a disturbance.

The confederation is determined to carry out the programme and the Government has moved two cavalry regiments and eight infantry regiments from the provinces to reinforce the garrison of Paris, which in itself is composed of about 12,000 men.

No assemblages will be allowed in the Place de la Concorde or the Esplanade des Invalides, which are now occupied by the military and the streets that the manifestants are likely to use are being patrolled.

LITTLE GIRL HURT BY AUTO.

Rabbi's Daughter Badly Injured at Rockaway, L. I.

Esther Meyer, the five-year-old daughter of Rabbi Hyman Meyer of the Congregation Derech Emenuch of Rockaway, L. I., was struck and badly hurt by an automobile owned by Charles Schaefer, 231 Stuyvesant avenue, Brooklyn, while playing in front of her home at 543 Boulevard, Rockaway, yesterday.

In the automobile, which was driven by Paul Fuchs, were Mrs. Schaefer and her mother and sister. Mr. Schaefer was up ahead in another car with some friends at the time of the accident. The little girl was struck on the head by the mud-guard and suffered concussion of the brain.

BURGLARY, PASS KEY OR NONE.

Negro Elevator Man Held Regardless of His Peaceful Entry.

Walter Pollard, a negro elevator man in the apartment house at 19 East Fifty-seventh street, was arraigned in the Yorkville police court yesterday charged with burglary of the apartments of Hastings Arnold, a lawyer, and taking a \$500 diamond stickpin.

The lawyer told about leaving the pin on the dresser. Ischi Tachibana, his Japanese valet, said he had locked the door and gone out.

DEMAND THAT DIAZ RESIGN.

STUDENTS OF MEXICO CITY PRESENT PETITION TO HIM.

More Than a Thousand Signatures From Scientific Schools—Say They Voice Sentiment of the People—Corral's Unpopularity and Reaction Blunder.

MEXICO CITY, April 30.—A monster petition, signed by more than a thousand students of the scientific schools of Mexico City, was presented by a committee representing them to President Diaz to-day asking him to resign immediately.

The petition says: "As we consider it urgently necessary that the real sentiment of the Mexican people be voiced by us, patriotism has compelled us to communicate not only our opinion but also the almost unanimous opinion of the people of Mexico, as we interpret it. Lamenting the great wrongs produced by the fratricidal war now progressing and daily becoming worse, it behooves every loyal Mexican to make whatever sacrifice, personal or otherwise, to alleviate conditions.

"The condition of the country demands a prompt remedy. Public opinion demands that the party which has taken arms against the Government reestablish promptly the peace of the republic. You as President must resign.

"We students are obliged to guard the welfare of the country, especially its future. It is on account of this obligation that we are asking your resignation. This is the judgment of the Mexican people, of which we believe we are faithful interpreters, because on your resignation depends the peace of the country.

"When the Government has lost the confidence of the people, when it has lost moral authority, it cannot govern peacefully even when the Government has the good disposition to concede whatever reforms are asked by the people. There is still time for you to remedy the great ills.

"We students speak with all frankness and assure you that the entire country judges the error you made in having yourself elected for the seventh term as President.

"It was a greater error to insist on naming as the Vice-President an unpopular candidate. If it is possible to remedy the error by your resignation, the country will gain much, but if you refuse to recognize this error or in recognizing it refuse to correct it, history will judge you."

The student committee which presented the petition could not secure a personal audience with President Diaz, but a member of his household received it.

It is not expected that the President will answer the petition. Handbills bearing the printed text were distributed in all parts of the city to-day and caused a great sensation all the more because a majority of the students signing it are members of the best families of the city and country.

SCHOONERS BUMP; ONE SINKS.

The Sadie Willcutt Goes to the Bottom With Cargo of Stone.

WOODS HOLE, Mass., April 30.—Two three masted stone laden schooners, the Sadie Willcutt, bound from Sullivan, Me., for New York, and the George D. Edmonds, from Stonington, Me., for the same port, bumped into each other when they were beating down the coast during a thick fog about ten miles east of Chatham, early this morning.

They came together with such force that the Willcutt had a large hole stove in her hull through which the water poured in. The captain and three men aboard the Willcutt took to the boat and after a hard row reached Orleans in safety. The Edmonds had her port bow stove in and her headgear carried away, but she worked inshore under sail and anchored off Orleans to-night.

The captain of the Willcutt says that while the Edmonds had the right of way the proper fog signals were not being sounded and consequently he did not know she was in his neighborhood until it was too late to get out of the way.

The Willcutt did not remain long above water, as her cargo sent her down in forty fathoms within a few minutes after the crew got into the boats.

SUICIDE TO ESCAPE LYCHING.

Negro Who Had Murdered a White Man Shoots Himself.

ST. LOUIS, April 30.—Henry Lewis, a negro, committed suicide to-day to escape a posse and probably lynching. He was accused of murdering Henry A. Ferguson, a prominent business man and a Cornell graduate, at his home yesterday.

Ferguson was shot to death in the rear of his home in Webster Groves while shielding his negro cook from Lewis, from whom she had separated.

Lewis's body was found to-day in a clump of bushes half a mile from the scene of the murder.

GERMANY THREATENS FRANCE.

Must Only Protect Subjects in Morocco or Something Will Happen.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. LONDON, May 1.—The latest number of the Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung received here prints a moderately worded but unmistakably official warning to France.

It points out that it is natural for France to protect her subjects in Morocco and accepts France's assurances that her intentions are limited to that purpose, but, on the other hand, it hopes that events will allow France to adhere to her intentions, as anything further would violate the Algeiras agreement.

Thereupon, it says, other signatories would be relieved of their obligations, the consequences of which are not to be foreseen.

CROKER'S LAST NIGHT.

'Twas a Quiet One—No Vacation Before His New Job.

Fire Chief Croker spent his last evening as head of the New York fire fighters quietly in his night headquarters at the quarters of Engine 33 on Great Jones street. There were no fires in the evening that took him out of the house and he was busy receiving friends and a group of newspaper men who came in to wish him good luck in his new work of fire prevention.

He finishes his work with the Fire Department at 8 o'clock this morning and will then go to the offices his Fire Prevention and Engineering Company have fitted up at 562 Fifth avenue. Some one asked him how much time he expected to take off before assuming his new duties.

"Only time enough to get breakfast," said Croker.

DOCTOR'S SECOND FIRE.

Woman Saves \$25,000 Worth of Jewelry at 100 East Thirty-eighth Street.

Fire was discovered yesterday afternoon in the residence of Dr. Joseph Darwin Nagel at 100 East Thirty-eighth street. Dr. Nagel had moved there only the day before, and in the basement were packing boxes containing valuable pictures. The fire destroyed these and gutted the first floor. The damage was over \$3,000.

Miss Mary L. Rogers, the sister of Mrs. Nagel, broke through the police lines after the fire was burning briskly and rushed up to the second floor, where she knew a quantity of money and jewelry was kept. When she came down she carried about \$25,000 worth in a bureau drawer.

Six months ago Dr. Nagel's home at Game Creek Island, Port Chester, was destroyed by fire.

TORNADO CRUSHES SMALL BOY.

Carries Him Quarter of a Mile and Dashes Him to Earth.

WARRENSBURG, Mo., April 30.—A tornado, accompanied by heavy rain, swept a path a mile wide across northern Johnson county, ten miles from Fayetteville, to Valley City last night.

So far as reported more than a score of houses were unroofed and four were swept away. William T. Fain's mansion of antebellum days was torn to pieces. Kelly Fain, his ten-year-old son, was picked up, carried a quarter of a mile by the wind and thrown against the ground with such force that every bone in his body was broken and his brains dashed out.

The boy's mother was struck by flying timbers and will die. Fain and his child were returning home from the field when the storm broke. He told them to run to a cyclone cave in the yard. Two other children reached the cave and were saved.

FOR AN AIRSHIP HONEYMOON.

E. L. Sanders and His New Bride Start for Germany.

CHICAGO, April 30.—E. L. Sanders, an importer of New York, and Miss Emma Williamson of South Bend were married at the Stafford Hotel by the Rev. John Tompkins last night. They left immediately for Germany, where they expect to crown their honeymoon with a trip in one of Count Zeppelin's dirigible balloons.

Mr. Sanders and Miss Williamson were engaged when the aeroplane exhibit was given on the lake front here last summer. They were much impressed and promised each other they would have an "airship honeymoon" after they were married.

THOUGHT "FIGHT" WAS "FIRE."

The Usual Error Followed by the Usual Panic at a Picture Show.

While a moving picture machine was unwinding its films in a small theatre at Bayard street and the Bowery last night three patrons started an argument over reciprocity or something.

BANGOR BURNING, LOSS \$10,000,000

Fire Sweeps Through Business District and Into Residence Section.

TWO DEAD, MANY INJURED

Militia on the Ground to Protect Property—Nearby Towns Send Assistance.

All of the City's Principal Business Buildings and Churches, the Library, Schools and Some of the Finest Residences Have Been Destroyed—Dynamite, Resorted To in Hope of Checking Flames, Proves Unavailing—Many Big Lumber Works and Acres of Piled Lumber Burning—Fire Department Seems to Be Baffled in the Fight.

BANGOR, Me., April 30.—Damage already estimated at \$10,000,000 has been caused by a fire which began in a stock of hay and feed in Bacon & Robinson's coal sheds, in Broad street, shortly after 8 o'clock this afternoon.

At midnight it was not under control and was sweeping northward toward Kenduskeag, destroying everything before it.

Two men are known to have been killed at this hour and over twenty have been injured.

Everything north of York street from Kenduskeag Stream to the east side of Broadway has been burned.

Nearly all of the fine residences in the most exclusive section of the city as well as the post office and all of the larger office and business buildings are in ruins.

The First Congregational Church in Broadway, one of the oldest in the State; St. John's Episcopal, the Central Congregational in French street and the Universalist churches are gone, as is the Windsor Hotel and the high school building.

The Bangor Public Library, with one of the most valuable collections of books in New England, is totally destroyed.